



Doll Life



horror

fantasy

15 0 2

Chapter 1 by Angelina Chen

I really do not know what to say today. I got a bag of candy from Daddy and a dolly with beautiful button eyes and a light blue tutu from Mommy. A Kit-Kat from Derik, my little brother, and seven books from the old granny that lives next door. I really can not stand her sometimes, she always squeezes me like I am one of those jelly sticks everyone eats. She does not understand the life of a innocent, 8 year old girl who has almost everything, including those stupid books she always buys me on my birthday. Daddy is grumpy because it was the final football playoff games and he did not get to go because of my birthday. What's so fascinating about throwing an egg shaped ball around anyway? I brushed the cookie crumbs off my lovely and beautiful light pink dress and tried to twirl and make my dress poof up like those thin and stalky ballerinas I always see on TV. Instead, I ended up tripping over the crack on the floor instead and ended up face first in one of those foam dinosaurs Derek was trying to jam inside the water bottle. My nose kinda throbbed so I faked a scream so my brother would get in trouble and Mommy would stop trying to comb my already perfect curls. Mommy and Daddy hurried out the door and clumsily tripped over everything in their way including the fuzzy kitty which always scratches me, to get the bandages in the closet. After about a few minutes, I

screamed for them to hurry up even though my nose did not hurt that much so my nose

"Wait honey, I can not find it!" Mommy called out.

"Come on!" I shouted.

"Sorry, I bet it is in the phone."

of annoyance.

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deep voice with a twinge

"Ok, but hurry up!" I impatiently cried. My Mommy and Daddy quickly grabbed their wallets and rushed out the door.

"We'll be back soon sweetheart! You know what to do right? Stay in your room and lock the door, do not let anyone come in." They said in union.

As they left, I jumped up and began to stuff my face with cake. In the middle of my third bite of the squashed strawberry cake I heard a small whirling whisper near my presents. I wiped my hands on my purple pj's; I thought it would be the crazy cat breaking the dolly Mommy bought so I stomped over to the presents and was about to hit that obnoxious cat, but the cat was not seen. My eyes darted to where my dolly was sitting in an uncomfortable position and I heard that whirring sound again. The doll suddenly flickered as if she had woken from a deep sleep and I walked closer to take a better look. I examined her, from her dainty feet to her silky tutu. From her sparkly necklace until I reached her perfect pale face. I stared at her brown curls as a lock of hair shifted slightly from behind her ear. I took a careful step back and braced myself for what was about to happen next. Unexpectedly, the corners of the doll's pink lips curled upward into a broad sly smile. I screamed and shuddered as I tried to process what had happened. My hands instinctively went in front of me like I always see in movies and I kept my eye on the dolly. I turned in a flash and raced up the stairs not bothering to use the handle bar and slid into my room tripping over toys everywhere. My jewel tiara fell off my head as I slammed the door shut and hid under the comfy covers of my bright pink bed. I could hear my heart slamming against my chest as I shivered under my covers, and it was not because of the cold. After about what felt like hours, I wondered why my parents were not home yet but I did not dare go out of my room, which now seemed like the safest place in the world. Slowly, I started to feel drowsy for I had a tiring and scary day and the fact that the doll might still be outside faded from my memory. I dozed off feeling somewhat content and unaware.

I felt a cool touch at my nose and my cheeks but I ignored it until I felt something watery all over my face. I woke up with a start, it was pitch black outside but I saw two red blurry blobs in front of my face, but as my head became clear, I realized there were the BLOODY EYES OF MY DOLLY! I shrieked a blood curdling scream at the top of my lungs and became paralyzed with fright. There was blood everywhere, it dyed my dress blood red and my bed was pooling with

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something to grab hold of. I soaked the entire floor with blood as I slipped and slidded out of my room, the dolly slowly turned her head only to face me, then she curved her mouth into that playful and mischievous smile again. I was about to scream when I remembered that screaming will not make anything easier so I tripped and fell down the streamers on the stairs until I hit the second to last one. There were two dripping red buttons. My brain scrambled to make sense of what I was seeing when my eyes slightly looked to the left and saw the dolly smiling at me again but this time, with a different face. It was the chubby face of Derek, but with no eyes and did not seem chubby and cute now. I jumped down two stairs in a row forgetting how slippery the ground was and fell down really hard and my head came hammering down on the last step. Red blots started clouding my vision and I squeezed my eyes shut and blinked a few times but nothing helped. My back felt broken and now my entire head was dripping red. Every step was so painful, I had to hold on to the walls just to move a centimeter. I attempted to wipe my face so I could see a little better but ended up smearing the blood everywhere. Then I saw Derek's face in the corner of my eye blinking at me with evil eyes. I slipped out of the door and started running as fast as I could. But since I had no shoes on, the pebbles and sharp rocks cut into my bare feet and my legs were barely functioning, but I no longer cared anymore. I could not see a thing but did not care about anything but getting away from that dolly. The dolly was always a few inches behind me no matter how fast I was trying to run. I could already imagine it pulling on my dress, its blood-smeared hands reaching out to me as I take my last staggering breath. I thought that this was how I was going to die, I would die being chased by a doll with my stinking brother's face. As I watched the dolly gaining on me, it's electric blue eyes glimmering with excitement, my stinging feet slowed a bit as I lost hope of ever getting away until I saw my Mommy across the street. I speed up and ran as fast as my chubby legs could carry me. My heart was racing and my stomach felt as if it was bleeding from the inside, I started tripping and falling over my feet. I stumbled so many times I lost count but no matter how fast I tried to run, the dolly was always next to me and smiling that smile that almost caused me to have a heart attack. I felt as if my body was dying, malfunctioning; everywhere throbbed and it felt as if my body was on fire. I finally reached mommy.

"Mommy help!" I cried as loud as I could but all I heard was echoes, bouncing off the sides of

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